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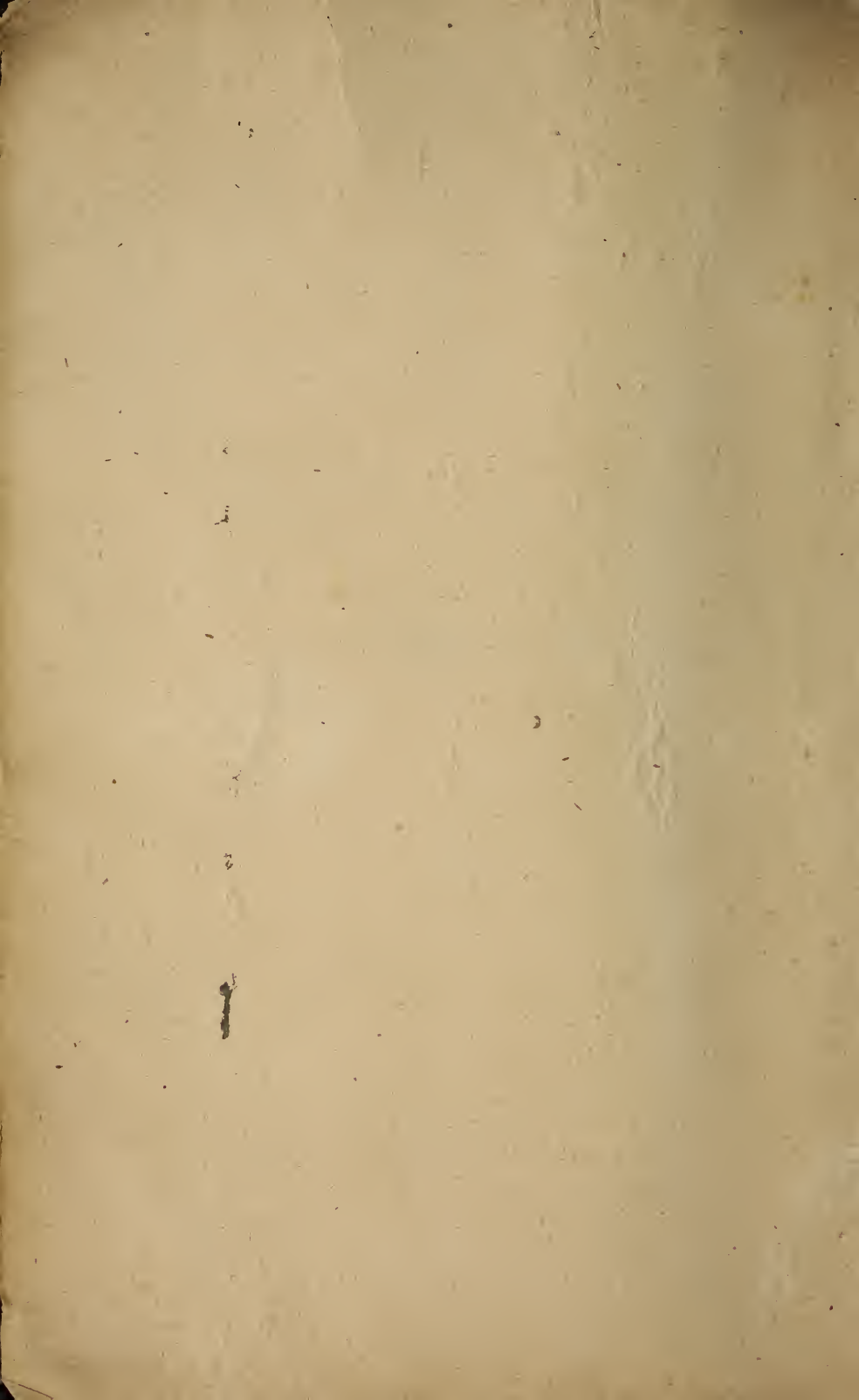


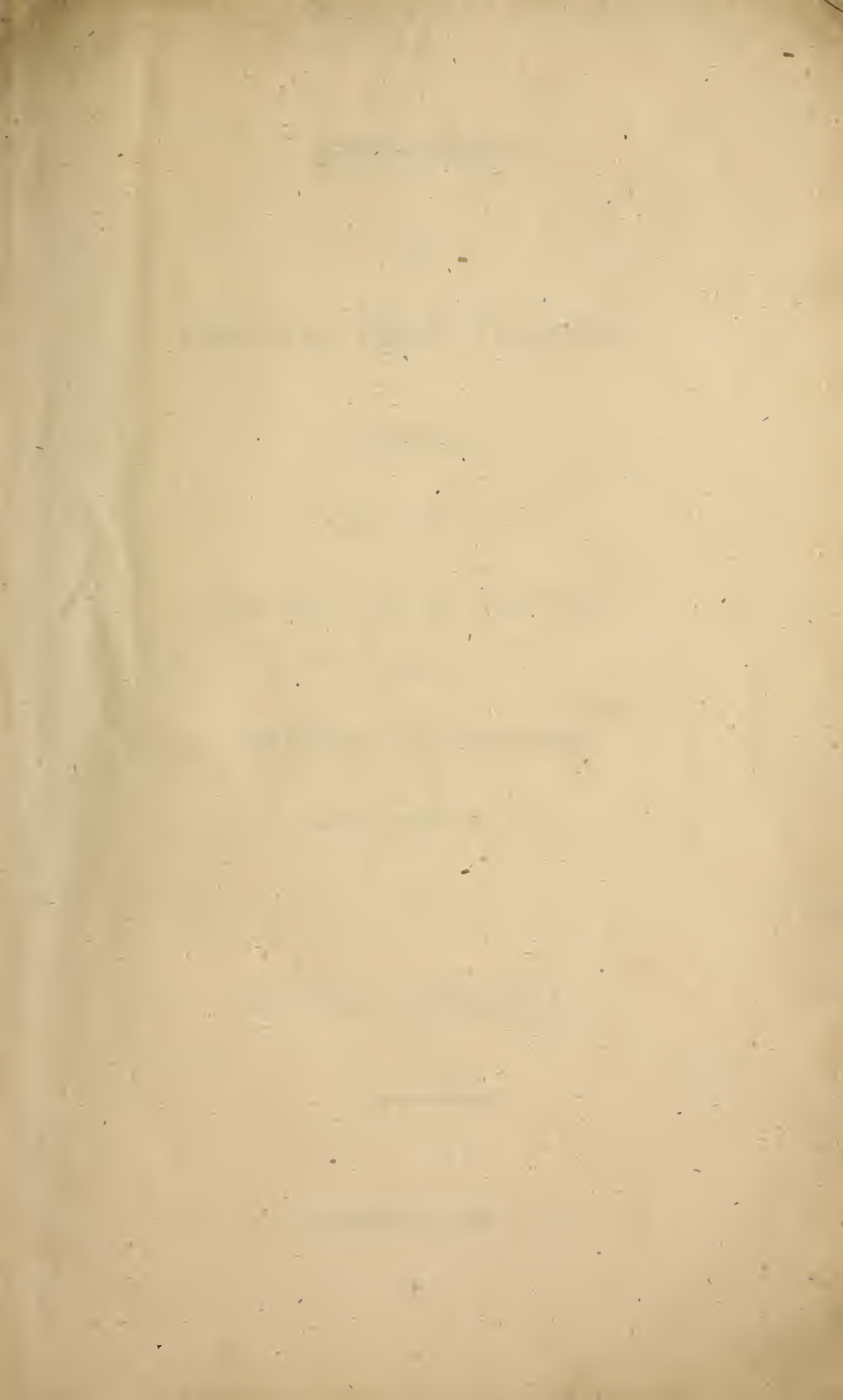
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p. 37

HONOUR;

OR,

ARRIVALS FROM COLLEGE:

A COMEDY,

IN THREE ACTS.

PERFORMED, FOR THE FIRST TIME,

AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL, DRURY-LANE,

On Saturday, April 17th, 1819.

BY THOMAS CROMWELL,

LONDON.—1820.



Class _____

Book _____

DOBELL COLLECTION

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TO
JOHN GREIG, ESQ.
IN JUSTICE,
FOR HIS ABLE CORRECTIONS OF
THIS COMEDY
IN ITS EARLY STATE,
AND
IN GRATITUDE,
FOR THAT, AND MANY OTHER MARKS, OF HIS
UNREMITTED FRIENDSHIP,
IT IS NOW
VERY RESPECTFULLY
INSCRIBED,
BY
THE AUTHOR.

P R E F A C E.

THE period that has elapsed since the proposals for printing this Comedy were originally issued, renders a few words of explanation due to the Subscribers. Not intending, at that time, to submit the piece to either of the theatres, it was only at the suggestions of a gentleman, of some theatrical experience, who accidentally saw and thought favourably of it as an *acting play*, that it was despatched (wholly unrecommended, and its author personally unknown,) to Mr. S. Kemble, then Manager of the Theatre-Royal, Drury-Lane. After considerable delay, it was perused, accepted, and eventually performed—but, under circumstances, that rendered the share of public approbation it

received, a matter of genuine surprise to the author. These circumstances may be briefly related. The house wanted a *Comedy*: this piece, as originally written, was of a mixed character, vacillating between the grave and the gay,—similar to some successful dramatic productions by the Younger Colman,—and it was with the greatest unwillingness the author was induced to subtract from it all that was of serious interest, particularly as the two last, and what of course should be the two most effective, acts, were almost entirely of a serious complexion. Indeed, it was found so impossible wholly to divest these acts of this prevailing feature, (constituting their chief, if not their only interest,) without, at the same time, destroying the essentials of the plot, that several of the graver incidents still unavoidably had place in them, although foreign to the character of legitimate comedy. The consequences were more favourable to the author than he had ventured to antici-

pate: the three first acts were heard with applause, the two last with forbearance; but both author and manager concurred in the propriety of withdrawing the 'Comedy,' as it was called, after the third night. The theatrical issue of the affair led only to a new difficulty: since, to print the piece in its original form, would be disrespectful to that public voice which had so warmly encouraged this *juvenile* dramatic attempt, in its altered shape, throughout the three first acts of its representation; and to submit the whole to the Subscribers, as performed, would neither be gratifying to them, nor just to the author, as it might argue an approval of those alterations in the fourth and fifth acts, which from the first moment he condemned. The only practicable alternative has been at length pursued:—to print the piece so far as decidedly approved by the public, that is, to the end of the third act, and there produce the *dénouement*: an arrangement, by which, however humble may

be the merits of the piece, all that was inconsistent with *comedy* is omitted, and a drama more justly intitled to that name presented, with every sentiment of respect, to the Subscribers.—The few alterations rendered necessary by the construction of the piece in three instead of five acts, are extremely trifling, and consist almost entirely of *omissions*.

PROLOGUE,

Spoken by Mr. D. Fisher.

THERE are, who deem that this degenerate age
Knows not the empire of a genuine STAGE—
A STAGE, where Virtue holds her rightful sway,
Where Folly views her image of the day ;
And Comedy, in language pure and terse,
Nor whines false sentiment, nor stoops to Farce.
But who shall say if this be true ? Not *we* :
Judge YOU the Muse of modern Comedy ;
And say, if he who, labouring for wit,
Still sacrifices sense, to make a *hit*—
Caricature his only steady aim,
And the loud laugh his salvo for all blame—
If he's the Poet whom Thalia chose
T'^t unbend, with decent mirth, Care's rigid brows ?
To point the Satirist's unvenom'd dart,
Amuse the mind, but meliorate the heart ?
His manual jests, with pointless repartee,
And pantomimic feats, see, Critics, see !
And teach the Bard—make such a Comedy ?

The Bard, to-night, essays an honest course,
Striving to please, by what should please perforce,
If Nature, as he thinks, pervades his play—
Tho' not one "clap-trap" he has deign'd to lay.
With you it rests, to frame that sentence just,
Which lifts to fame, or sinks into the dust :
Condemn'd, he'll crave no pity for his fate,
Convinc'd that on his Muse no laurels wait ;
Approv'd, with rapture hail his portraits true,
And Nature strive again to paint—for YOU.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

COLONEL CHOLERIC	-	-	-	MR. GATTIE.
EDMUND VILLIERS	-	-	-	MR. H. KEMBLE.
SIR JASPER JAY	-	-	-	MR. HARLEY.
CAPTAIN O'CAROLAN	-	-	-	MR. JOHNSTONE.
BUCKSKIN	-	-	-	MR. PENLEY.
DUNCAN	-	-	-	MR. WILLIAMS.
BLIND THOMAS	-	-	-	MR. HUGHES.
EMMELINE CHOLERIC	-	-	-	MRS. WEST.
FLORA	-	-	-	MRS. ORGER.

HONOUR.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

Moonlight. A rural spot, with three cross-roads meeting in the centre. A neat cottage on one side, having a light in an upper window.

Enter Edmund.

Edm. Ay, 'tis the cottage this, I should leave on the right; and yon road conducts me to my uncle's—to my Emmeline! So far, then, on my way from Oxford; and now, proceeding on the wings of love—

[Buckskin heard without.

Buck. Hip! holloa! hip! light there!—*(Enters)* Confound this country cross-road! where, in the name of whip and spur together, has it brought me? Soho! a house!—*(Sees Edmund)* Who the plague have we here? some footpad, may-be!

Edm. Buckskin! or do my eyes deceive me?

Buck. Why! what! no!—Villiers! My dear fellow, I'm as happy to see you at this moment as

if I'd just won the plate at Epsom. But, have the goodness to answer me one question—Pray now, where did you spring from?

Edm. From Brazenose again, and during term!

Buck. And you from Merton, sweet Sir, during term! you, that are never truant from your College! you!

Edm. Psha! I have business this way; so took advantage of the first conveyance, and—

Buck. Business! so have I. Sale at Tattersall's to-morrow morning; and a new piece to-night at Drury Lane, that I was positively engaged to attend. But Black Slouch, my mare, you must know, lost wind, and came down with me just at the bottom of this cursed lane; so, seeing this—this village inn, as I at a distance conceived it, I e'en left the jade, and, making towards it, to my wonderment, find you standing here, like a finger-post, in the cross-road—and ready, I devoutly hope, to answer all the purposes of one! Which way shall I turn me, hey?

Edm. If you would have my advice, turn back again to the poor animal, that, by your own account, you must have used unmercifully; and remember, that a village inn usually affords “entertainment for man and horse.” For my own part, as the business I mentioned is somewhat private, and the company of another, you'll excuse me, unnecessary, I must take my hasty departure, Mr. Buckskin. (*Going.*)

Buck. (*Detains him.*) Why, at this “witching

hour o' night," where can you be going, that—— I have hit it; sly! Villiers, sly! sly! but I've hit it: pray, doesn't a certain fair cousin of yours, only daughter to the rich Colonel Cholerick, (uncle by the mother's side, and all that) live somewhere here by the turning on the off side of the road? Then, (*takes Edmund's arm*) proceed we lovingly together; and, my dear fellow, bespeak beds for nephew and friend, hey?

Edm. How shall I be rid of this impertinent? (*Aside.*) Mr. Buckskin, depend on me, I shall not see Colonel Cholerick to-night. Yonder is my road; that, opposite to the one you arrived by, will conduct you to the nearest town; so, till we meet at Oxford——

Buck. If I quit you, may I never quit College for London again. Why, man, I'll stick to you like the Proctor to a Collegian who has broken the rules: I'll cling to you like——

Edm. That be at your peril. (*Breaks from him.*) I cannot delay: farewell, Sir! [*Going.*]

Buck. Then curse me but you shall hear the news from Oxford first. Your fair cousin, 'tis said there——

Edm. Psha!

[*Still going.*]

Buck. (*Calls after him.*) Is going to be married to Sir Jasper Jay!

Edm. (*Stops.*) Buckskin! (*Returns*) What of Sir Jasper Jay?

Buck. O, why—ha! ha! ha! many thanks to him for your company again—that's all: ha! ha! ha!—

Edm. But does not this confirm the intelligence which induced me to leave the University? (*Aside.*) Harkee, my friend Buckskin, explain this instant what you just now said about Sir Jasper's marriage with Miss Choleric, or, take my word for it, I'll so trounce that jockey-suit of your's, that its worthless contents shall not be able to appear in Brazenose again these six months.

Buck. The devil you will!

Edm. Ay, Sir; explain, or—

Buck. Softly, my friend, softly. If you must know, the Baronet's at the Colonels; sporting Miss Choleric, and his new curricule, every day together. Nothing to you, you know, Villiers, nothing to you; but—mum—between ourselves, the day's fixed! jewels bought! liveries bespoke! Then Sir Jasper's in such favour with the old gentleman; Emmeline so enraptured with her lover; while, for his equipage—she's dying for his equipage: now, my dear fellow, just picture to yourself four of the beautifullest blood bays! Sir Jasper drives, side by side with Miss Choleric; off they go! Dart, High-flyer, Eclipse, Comet, all beat hollow!—ya-hip! ya-hip! push along! scour the country! d—n turnpikes!—all nothing to you, you know, Villiers; nothing to you, you know; nothing at all to you.

Edm. His malice is apparent. (*Aside.*)

Flora softly opens the cottage window.

Flo. Strangers conversing below my window at this hour! (*Aside.*)

Edm. Now look you, Sir: dare but to repeat this story within the precincts of Merton, on your return, and, rely on me, I shall quickly help you to the shortest way back to your own Brazenose.

Flo. Edmund Villiers! delightful! (*Aside.*)

Buck. Why now, look *you*, Mr. Villiers, if your forehead hasn't more brass in it than all the noses put together of our College—

Edm. The reflection, perhaps, of a companion's impertinence: it will vanish the instant of my disappearing. [*Going.*]

Flo. How shall I detain him? (*Aside.*)

Edm. Don't fail, when you reach Oxford again, to bring us a full budget of important chit-chat with those lords of your acquaintance—whom you never spoke to; with particular mention of pint-bumpers—which you never drank; together with an amusing account of your intrigues with box-lobby beauties—whom you had not the spirit to accost.

Buck. I'll be revenged for this! [*Aside.*]

Flo. He shall not go! [*Aside, passionately. Retires from the window.*]

Edm. Adieu! (*Flora plays a prelude on the harp within.*) What notes were those?

Buck. Some Ariel's in the sky, I think. In the name of christian fellowship, don't leave me, Villiers; there's always some enchantment lurking about these moonlight, rural wildernesses.

Flora plays and sings within.

Hither, weary traveller! come:

Friendship reigns beneath my dome;

Here Hospitality's at home:

Come! come!

Buck. Come!—By all means; O! certainly.
'Tis from the house, man; and may enchant us
to a well-spread supper-table.

Edm. Were it an angel's voice, I could not now
listen to it. [*Exit, by an upper entrance.*

Flora plays and sings.

Wildered pilgrim, from afar,

Ever turns to note the star,

Faintly through the darkness peering,

Hope reviving, fancy cheering:

Thus my little taper's light,

Far seen through the glooms of night,

Meets and glads the traveller's eye,

Telling him of shelter nigh.

Hither, weary traveller! come:

Friendship reigns beneath my dome;

And Hospitality's at home:

Come! come!*

Buck. Well, if impudence would but procure
me admittance, bed, and supper! Suppose I sur-
vey the premises. (*Approaches on tiptoe to the
door, which is suddenly opened by Fanny*). Ah! my
pretty dear, how d'ye do? Arrived late, you see;

* These lines are partly omitted in the representation.

but we travellers, that fear neither ghost nor highwayman—how's all the family, hey?

Fan. The family, sir! If you mean the single lady, my mistress—

Buck. Single lady! Yes, the, the—O, confound my stars! no admission for a single gentleman, I fear, then. *[Aside.]*

Fan. My mistress saw you from the window, sir, and, as she has the pleasure of knowing you—

Buck. Indeed! *[Aside.]*

Fan. Or perhaps it was the other gentleman, that—

Buck. O, no, no; you are right, perfectly right; don't think of troubling the other gentleman.

Fan. Though possibly, she said, you might not recollect *her*.

Buck. Most likely not, I think. *[Aside.]*

Fan. Yet if you will excuse the liberty she takes in asking you to walk in—

Buck. Liberty! Not a word, my dear creature, not a word. Here's a lucky incident! *(Aside.)* Lead, lead, pretty one, and I'll follow you.

Fan. This way, sir, this way.

[Exeunt into the Cottage.]

SCENE II.

A Room in Flora's Cottage.

Enter Fanny with Buckskin.

Fan. My mistress will attend you directly, sir.

[*Exit.*]

Buck. Auspicious be the meeting then! I'm almost inclined to fear this may prove a rather awkward rencontre. But I was never noted for bashfulness.—Hem!

Enter Flora.

My dear madam, I'm so rejoiced to see you again—now, curse me, if ever I saw her in my life before! (*Aside.*) Madam, your most obedient, humblest of servants.

Flo. Confusion! the coxcomb I heard Villiers rating below. (*Aside.*) I do not remember that I have the honour of *your* acquaintance, sir.

[*Scornfully.*]

Buck. O, ma'am, your servant appears to understand that matter much better than either of us. She but this moment assured me that you had.

Flo. My servant! Where is the gentleman who accompanied you, sir?

Buck. He! the gentleman! What, then, did the girl really mistake me for him, ma'am?

Flo. That I should conceive impossible.

[*Contemptuously.*

Buck. So I thought, ma'am, so I thought. He, my dear ma'am, he's now on his way, as fast as lover's legs can carry him, to his uncle's—one Colonel Choleric, whose daughter, I suspect, is his magnet of attraction to this quarter.

Flo. Indeed!—What has not three years absence from my rival, then, effaced his love?—and am I still the poor, unthought-of, ruined Flora? [*Aside.*

Buck. The fact, ma'am, as my name's Buckskin. But, could he outstrip the wind to-night, he's distanced, got the go-by; for Sir Jasper Jay's the favoured lover: Sir Jasper against the field, I say; for conceive, my dear madam, only conceive: the Baronet with his four blood bays, the post in view—Villiers, ha! ha! ha! travelling on foot by moonlight to overtake him! The world to a nutmeg, again I say, upon Sir Jasper!

Flo. Sir Jasper! Is it true, then?—The fopling, who destroyed my peace! good: Villiers thus loses Emmeline. It shall be true; for I can weave a spell!—(*Aside.*) Are you Villiers' friend?

Buck. Devil take me if I am: cut me in the middle of the cross-road!

Flo. So! (*Aside.*) Will you convey a letter for me to the Colonel instantly?

Buck. A letter! instantly! my dear madam!—if I budge, demme! (*Aside.*) Perhaps you hav'n't a spare bed in the house? but, if so, a sofa, a

chair—any thing—and in the morning I'm your devoted slave.

Flo. Contemptible! Why, 'tis scarce half a mile from hence, and my foot-boy shall be your escort there. Besides, as a friend of Sir Jasper's, you know, you cannot fail of a hospitable reception from the Colonel.

Buck. I see! excellent! Write, Madam, write, and command your Mercury.

Flo. (*Sits at a table, and speaks as she writes. He seats himself opposite to her, and at intervals surveys her through a quizzing-glass.*) And should the old gentleman, by chance, at least 'tis possible, inquire of you respecting the general character of Villiers at the University—in that case, pray now, how might you feel disposed to report him to his uncle?

Buck. How? set him down as on the very eve of expulsion. I'd report him with a vengeance!

Flo. 'Twill do! 'twill do! (*Aside.*) And as to Sir Jasper—it were as well, perhaps, if this meeting were not named to him.

Buck. Oho! I smell danger. (*Aside.*) You may be confident I'll take every precaution not to make him jealous, Madam.

Flo. Jealous! But here, Sir, is my letter. Fanny! (*Rising. He rises. Enter Fanny.*) Tell William to attend this gentleman to the Grove immediately.

Buck. That's right, my pretty Fanny! tell Wil-

liam to attend me to the Grove immediately. We'll have a parting kiss at the door, Fanny! (*Aside to Fanny.*) Your servant, Madam!—In luck at last, demme!

[*Exeunt Buckskin and Fanny.*

Flo. Heigho! a woman's heart's a strange thing, that is certain. I once, unconsciously to him, loved Edmund—passionately loved him; yet I now seek his destruction, by involving him in a quarrel with the warm-hearted, but passionate, old uncle, upon whom alone he entirely depends. Emmeline I detest; yet am I trying to unite her with the man, whose wealth, whose title, both should have been shared with *me*—all, all, rather than that she shall marry Edmund. My vengeance, at least, I shall thus gratify: I never loved Sir Jasper, though, lured by the thought that as his wife I should eclipse the hated Emmeline, I have become his dupe; now, wedded to the fop, she, Emmeline, shall feel the misery of dependence upon a man she must despise; and Edmund, in my power, shall, if he dares, still scorn the wretched Flora!

[*Exit.*

SCENE III.

Moonlight. An extensive Garden, with a Mansion in the distance. On one side a Cottage, nearly concealed by trees. Several openings into the walks of the garden. A rustic chair in the centre.

Enter Edmund.

Edm. This is the very spot! once, once again, I shall here meet my Emmeline! There is the old garden-chair; and there the laurels and the holly-tree: the very flowers look the same I left here so long since. Yet Emmeline, 'tis said, is changed! and Sir Jasper, who was my school-fellow, who, till the world rendered him the fribble he has since become, was my sworn friend—that he, knowing my attachment, should be now so base as—— By heaven! the bare idea is insupportable. (*Agitated.*)

Enter Duncan, as from the cottage, looking at Edmund with amazement.

Dun. Heh! mon, ye're just a Bedlamite, I'm theenking noo. (*Aside.*) Holloa! ye Maister Crackt-pate—

Edm. 'Sdeath! fellow, who are you? your business here?

Dun. The varra thing that I war gaun tul speer at him! Hoo, Maister—

Edm. How came you here, sirrah?

Dun. Saul! gin ye tak the wards oot o' my mouth ageen before Ise speak 'em tul ye—

Edm. I know the voice. (*Aside.*)

Dun. Yeer beesiness, yeer beesiness, i' maister's gairden here, this tim o' neeght, ye fallow, ye?

Edm. Duncan, the gardener! Have you then forgot your old friend Edmund Villiers?

Dun. Edmund—heh! Edmund Villiers! Maister Edmund! What! come frae college? laft it? laft for aye, laddie?—I' troth! I'm blithe tul see, Maister Edmund!

Edm. Thank you, thank you, good Duncan. But, I'm impatient, and cannot answer your inquiries just now: I—shall I tell you, Duncan?—I'm in love, you should know, with Emmeline.

Dun. Just aw the village kens o' that.

Edm. Indeed!

Dun. An' Miss Immlin dunna luv ye, Maister Edmund—troth! she dunna luv ye!

Edm. My dear Duncan, do you think she *does* love me?

Dun. Haud! ye're impatient?

Edm. No, I assure you, Duncan; no, not in the least.

Dun. Weel, Ise tal ye, lad, Ise tal ye. Dunna she luv that auld gairden-cheer, whar, ye remember, ye wad sit and play thegither, whan ye war wee-tot toddlin' bairnies, better nor the hale gairden forby—dunna she? dunna she?

Edm. Sweet Emmeline!

Dun. An' she winna come sae pawkily just whan

I'm diggin or hoein here i' the gairden—she wull—she wull; an' aye contreeve to mak me be talking tul her aboot Edmund, and Edmund—though she ne'er says a ward o' ye hersel!

Edm. I must believe she loves me; but, hearing she was to be immediately married to Sir Jasper Jay—

Dun. Heh!

Edm. I wrote instantly to your young lady, vowing, so positive was my information, I would be convinced of her constancy but from her own lips; that at this spot to-night I would await her, and—indeed I wonder she's not here—

Dun. An' ye reckon o' *Miss Immlin's* coming tul tryst wi' a mon here i' the moonsheene!

Edm. Psha! So run towards the house, will you, and see if you can meet with her? perhaps the sweet girl's already in the garden, but her fears impede her footsteps; tell her my arrival; run, good Duncan, run!

Dun. Weel, Maister Edmund, Ise gang, Ise gang; but I dunna theenk she'll come; ah! I dunna theenk't, I dunna theenk't, I tal ye, Maister Edmund!

[*Exit.*

Edm. That I could feel quite certain she would attend my appointment! I'll step and reconnoitre too—no, I'll go seat myself till she comes in the old garden-chair.

[*Sits.*

Enter Emmeline, looking timidly round.

Emm. Edmund! Is he not here?

Edm. (*Starting up.*) Emmeline! A thousand, thousand thanks, dear girl, for granting me this precious meeting! May I not hope love prompted the compliance? that still, Emmeline, as in our childish years—

Emm. It were but affectation to deny my love, when for its sake I can violate the commands of a father.

Edm. Yet, when those commands appear, as to me I confess they do, to result less from reason, than from the caprice natural perhaps to age—

Emm. Your uncle, Edmund, required of us, that we should not see, nor even correspond with each other, till you had quitted the University. His motives it becomes not us to scrutinize: nothing, I fear, can excuse our disobeying him.

Edm. No! not my information of your approaching marriage with Sir Jasper Jay?

Emm. Sir Jasper Jay! Now, Edmund, could you really think Sir Jasper, with all his flattery—or Sir Any-body—could win from you your own Emmeline? Why, it was unkind! unlike yourself!

Edm. Best, and most generous of girls!

Emm. O, of course, now I've put you in good humour again.

Edm. And lovelier than when we parted even!

Emm. Of course, of course; but a truce to your flattery, or else, in pure revenge, I must tell you, that though, whenever I thought of Edmund in his absence—and I believe I did sometimes

think of him—I always pictured him, in face, in air, in figure, as he *used* to look, yet I cannot discover, though he *is* grown taller, and more manly, and—so on—that I love him at all the less for it!

Edm. Charming, charming Emmeline!

[*Takes her hand.*

Emm. But, hark! some one approaches.

Edm. Surely not.

Emm. Well, but see, the moon is getting lower in the sky, and will soon leave us. I could wish myself again beneath my father's roof.

Edm. Be not in haste; this happiness—

Emm. Hush! again! the trees rustle!

Enter Duncan, speaking.

Dun. I tald ye, Maister Edmund, I tald ye noo, Miss Immlin wadna come the neeght; an' gin I hinna been leukin an' leukin—

Emm. Duncan! good heavens!

Dun. (*Seeing Emm.*) Heh!

Edm. I had forgot: by my desire he has been seeking you in the garden. Duncan, will you now see your young lady to the house?

Dun. Ay, wull I, Maister Edmund; an' wi' mair pleasure than Ise see oot o't, her lane wi' ye i' the moonsheene. Come, Miss Immlin.

Emm. Instantly. Farewell, Edmund!

Edm. (*Kisses her hand.*) My dearest girl, farewell!

Emm. But, stay, had I not one question still to ask? O, yes; where are you now going?

Edm. To the next town, immediately.

Emm. And to-morrow?

Edm. To return to Oxford.

Emm. Well—farewell! [*Both look tenderly a moment.*]

Edm. I must away: farewell, my dearer self! my Emmeline! [*Exit hastily. Emm. turns away her face, weeping.*]

Dun. Weel, come, Miss Immlin; come, lassie.

Emm. O, should my father have observed—or should inquiry ever—Why these fears? [*Aside.*]

Dun. Miss Immlin! come noo: ye ken it's gettin a wee latish an' caldish, Miss Immlin.

Emm. You would not betray my Edmund, Duncan? [*Taking his arm.*]

Dun. Heh!

Emm. My father, you know, must not—how shall I speak it?

Dun. Ye needna, ye needna; sin' I ken a' ye'd gang tul say. Saul! Ise tal a muckle lee for ye, gin there be any occasion, i' troth! Miss Immlin; i' troth! Ise do my best to—to—(*With emotion.*) deceive yeer peur auld faither! Come, Miss Immlin. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I.

*Colonel Choleric's Park-Gates, and Lodge.
(Morning.)*

Enter Captain O'Carolan.

C. O'C. So, so ; arrived at last ! for these gates, I think, should be the mansion that was described to me. Within there ! man, woman, or child, whoever you are, that can answer the question a gentleman would be asking of you—

Enter from the Lodge Blind Thomas.

B. Thom. Sir !

C. O'C. Well, and why don't you speak, sir ?

B. Thom. Sir, I'm but blind certainly, and therefore cannot tell who may be now talking with me ; but I can speak if you wish it, and will be kind enough to inform me what you would have me say.

C. O'C. Say ! Why the divil then don't you say whether this park here is Colonel Choleric's house or not ?

B. Thom. O, is it that you want to know, sir ?

C. O'C. To be sure it is ; and havn't I been bawling that civil inquiry in your ear this half-hour ?

B. Thom. Ha! ha! I should take you to be a droll gentleman. Colonel Choleric, sir, *is* my good, hasty, old master. Thirty years, come Martlemas, have I been in his service: long, long before he went to India I was his coachman, and—

C. O'C. But, my friend, as I have just arrived from that same India, and am a little impatient to have some conversation with my old companion in arms, could you by any means make me sensible of the shortest way to the house through those trees, which to me appear as intricate as a Bengal jungle?

B. Thom. The way! I will conduct you, Sir.

C. O'C. Conduct me! you!

B. Thom. Surely: well, well do I know every inch of the path.

C. O'C. A blind man know every inch of his path! On my conscience now, that would have been a little bit of an English bull, if it had only been said by an Irishman. Why, how, in the name of all the miracles—

B. Thom. Aha! I cannot myself tell how it is; unless indeed—yes, yes, I think I can too. The same Providence that deprived me of my sight, that providence directs me.

C. O'C. Spoke like a Brahmin!

B. Thom. And though, Sir, I dare not take step out of my own parish—

C. O'C. My good fellow, while you lead the way

depend upon it I'll never go before you. A blind guide for me all the world over!

[*Exeunt through the Gates.*]

SCENE II.

The Library at Colonel Choleric's, looking into the Garden.

Col. Choleric heard without.

John! Thomas! Harry! every one of you! run this instant to that rascally gardener, (*Enters with Buckskin.*) and tell him if he sends me any more of his excuses, instead of coming to me when I order him, I'll make him trot back to Scotland, with his whole wardrobe slung upon a stick over his shoulders, just as he travelled here. D—n Scotchmen! I say, Mr. Buckskin; for what are they good for, but to work hard for you when you see 'em and when you don't see 'em, say the same thing of you before your face and behind your back, serve you by day and by night, and at last make themselves so plaguy useful to you, that you find it impossible to do without them?—You slept well, I hope, Mr. Buckskin?

Buck. Charmingly, sir, charmingly.

Col. C. And so you met with that young scapegrace, my nephew, last night, in this neighbourhood?—you are positive as to all the circumstances?

Buck. Shan't forget them, sir, so long as my name's Buckskin.

Col. C. This shallow-pate may blab more: I'll know how Edmund has behaved at Oxford. (*Aside.*) Were you well acquainted with the scoundrel—my nephew, I mean, sir—at the University?

Buck. Intimately, my dear sir, most intimately.

Col. C. Then perhaps you may have observed—that is, if there *were* any little peculiarities in the common routine of his College conduct—

Buck. As my fair hostess of last night anticipated. (*Aside.*) Why, as to Mr. Villiers, sir—pay him off, I'm determined: (*Aside.*) for my own part, sir, however he may have been censured of late—

Col. C. Censured!

Buck. By our graver Collegians.

Col. C. It has been so, then?

Buck. O, I assure you there's no escaping the malicious observation of some people, who, envying, no doubt, the pleasures of the gay, accomplished debauchée—under that title we'll suppose the very worst that can be said of your nephew may be included—

Col. C. The worst!

Buck. Why, we must speak truth, Colonel; and considering only, what must so naturally be remarked, his extreme passion for horses, dogs, and hunting!—'tis actually said, sir, that he attends College prayers in a morning with a scarlet jacket and boots under his surplice!—then, having his

hack ready at the gate, he'll mount, join the hunt, and, before noon, fly half over the county!—Way of my own that. (*Aside.*)

Col. C. May it be possible?

Buck. And then his continual trips to London—even in term time—upon pretence of the death of some old aunt or grandmother!

Col. C. Zounds! sir, my nephew has neither aunts nor grandmothers.

Buck. Ha! ha! ha! never supposed he had, sir. 'Tis a college trick, my dear Colonel: nothing easier, you know, than to make up a batch of relations at a distance, and so—kill 'em as you want 'em.

Col. C. Rascal! d—me but it chokes me: if I see the dog again, I'll—Excuse me an hour or so, Mr. Buckskin: I've an unpleasant affair here upon my hands; I—I—expect my gardener.

Buck. An unpleasant affair with his gardener! (*Aside.*) Sir, make no apologies; I was on the very point of taking leave, to attend my College duties.

Col. C. Nay, nay, by no means.

Buck. Must positively be back to-night. Study, sir, study has ever appeared of that importance to me—

Col. C. But surely one day from Oxford—

Buck. Not an hour, sir, not an hour. Yet, on consideration, as you are so kind as to observe, but *one day*—on condition of my inevitable departure to-morrow—

Col. C. To-morrow, use your pleasure.

Buck. O, *must* be at Brazenose again to-morrow!
must be at Brazenose again to-morrow! [*Exit.*]

Col. C. So! 'twas him I saw then in the garden:
and with Emmeline! clandestinely!—I won't be-
lieve it though I saw it. I wish the moon had been
eclipsed last night, before it kept me so long,
with night-cap on, gaping, staring, at my window.
—Where is that rascal, Duncan? (*Hastily goes*
towards the side.) Why—

Enter Duncan hastily.

Dun. Ya—yas, yeer honour. Troth! he's in a
muckle fluster. (*Aside.*)

Col. C. Duncan!

Dun. (*Starts.*) Ya—yas, yeer honour.

Col. C. You were in the garden late last night—
late, I say, sir—

Dun. He kens it a'! (*Aside.*) Heh! what—
whan—yas—O, ay—yas—

Col. C. Yes, sir! and have you the impudence
to stand there, and say yes, sir?

Dun. N—n—no—no—no, Sir.

Col. C. Say no again, and I'll knock you down,
sir. 'Tis false, sir! And so then you confess
yourself the pander to your master's shame; the
hypocritical abettor of these moonlight assigna-
tions, these—

Dun. (*Warmly*) Duncan's nae siccan—I'troth!
I'm not, yeer honour.

Col. C. This instant tell me then who was in
company with Miss Choleric in the garden? My
nephew Edmund?—say no, sirrah! if you dare:

speaking! it was that rebel? speaking! that—that—boy, you used to pretend to be so fond of, you d—d old, faithful, foolish, Scotch—Why don't you tell me it was he?

Dun. By my saul noo, gin I dunna tal a muckle lee tul yeer honour, Ise tald yun a'reedy tul Miss Immlin.—

Col. C. Deny it, sir! 'twas not him! dare to tell me the truth, and I'll kick you out of the house for it this moment, you rascal!

Dun. Ay, an ye'll but let me tal the lee tul yeer honour, just—just to kip my ward wi' Miss Immlin, ye ken, yeer honour?

Col. C. Begone! Bid them tell Emmeline I want to see her here immediately.

Dun. Ya yas, yeer honour. Troth! here'll be a bonny piece o' wark presently! [*Aside.—Exit.*]

Col. C. That boy! that boy!—but I disown him: he marry Emmeline!—I'll write to Oxford, and bid the Principal of his College admit him again at his peril: he marry Emmeline!—he shall trudge the world barefoot. And for my daughter—though Sir Jasper has not yet declared himself—the coxcomb has a good estate, and his foppery will wear off, no doubt—D—me, she *shall* marry Sir Jasper! [*Sits himself at a table.*]

Enter Emmeline.

Well, but I did think that girl had loved her father still too well, to wound his old heart thus! I did not think of Edmund as a thankless libertine!

The cool deceiver!—they were my comforts, both—but, from this hour, I curse that ingrate, Edmund! (*Emmeline shrieks: he catches her in his arms.*) My child!

Emm. Have I then wounded your affection, dearest father?

Col. C. You didn't mean it, girl; I see now that you *could* not. Ask no forgiveness of me.

Emm. Father!

Col. C. I can't, can't bear that you should need it. But, if it must be—there, there, I forgive you.

Emm. Generous father! You will forgive Edmund too?

Col. C. Emmeline! don't name Edmund.

Emm. Pardon me; but is he worse than I?

Col. C. Than you, my child! The smooth-tongued serpent! He has deceived you, Emmeline.

Emm. Nay, if I am deceived by Edmund—

Col. C. You *are* deceived by Edmund. Don't put me in a passion, girl: he's a villain.

Emm. A villain! O, no! no!

Col. C. Judge, judge: do you remember Flora?

Emm. Flora! Ah! well!

Col. C. Slightly related to us, her parents' misfortunes, as you know, induced me to become her protector: I brought her here, educated her with yourself—

Emm. Why, sir, repeat the tale—

Col. C. Reply, when you have read this letter.

[*Showing a letter.*]

Emm. Ah!

Col. C. Nay, read it, girl; it is *your Edmund* you must judge by every line.

Emm. My Edmund! no! speak! what! it cannot be! (*Col. C. presses on her the letter.*) Read it, read it to me, father. [Faintly.]

Col. C. Well, then—the conclusion will suffice. “The repentant Flora, conscious she is not worthy to address you, yet hopes you will not scorn the simple story she has at length unwillingly penned. I believe, sir, you will be as much surprised as grieved to hear, that the lover,—still too dear to me, though, feeling for your abused confidence, I thus expose him—the deceiver, who, pretending honourable attachment, inveigled from your hospitable roof, yet, speedily returning to his depraved college associates, to misery abandoned me, was—your nephew, Edmund Villiers.” Vile hypocrite! Now, girl—but you look ill—nay, let me support you. (*She faints.*) I’ve been too harsh: look up, my love! child! Emmeline! look up!—what! help! help!—’tis Edmund’s work this! None hear me! look up! look up!—I curse thee, boy! again I curse thee, Edmund!

[*Exit, supporting her in his arms.*]

SCENE III.

Another Apartment at the Colonel's.

Duncan crosses the Stage in a melancholy manner.

Enter Sir Jasper Jay.

Sir Jas. Duncan, my fine fellow! tell the Colonel that—

Dun. The Colonel's nae sic pleasant company the mornin', sir; but he's noo upon the road, sae ye may speer tul him yeersel. [*Exit.*

Sir Jas. 'Pon my honour! If that lumpish rascal were not a sort of a favourite with Miss Choleric, I declare I do think I should honour his shoulders with a few strokes of my stick. Miss Choleric's a fine girl, a lovely girl, faith! and a fashionable captain, methinks, (*Surveying himself*) at the very summit of the ton, and a baronet to boot, might presume to stand a rather reasonable chance with her. So now I shall get the Colonel's consent, marry her directly, cut Flora, and then, if friend Villiers is affronted, as he makes it a point of conscience not to fight, I know—I dare to swear I shall challenge him! The Colonel, to my wishes!

Enter Colonel Choleric.

Good morning to you, Colonel. Just returned from a saunter round your park; looks enchant-

ingly ; but a country park always wants company, life, and company, Colonel. Was not so fortunate as to meet your charming daughter on my walk : pray, how is Miss Choleric, Colonel ?

Col. C. Why, rather unwell, Sir Jasper.

Sir Jas. Extremely sorry, 'pon my honour. Like the Mall in St. James's, Colonel ? combines, in my mind, all the sweets of the country with the advantages of town : green grass, green trees, piece of water, gravel-walk, and — company, Colonel. But, for Miss Choleric, extremely sorry, really. In brevity—

Col. C. And clearness, let me hope, Sir Jasper.

Sir Jas. Eh ! Why, you perceive it is not my forte to make speeches, Colonel. Can't be blind to the numberless attractions of Miss Choleric—that of her fortune more particularly : (*Aside.*) allow me then at once to solicit permission to throw myself, the slave to her perfections, at her feet.

Col. C. Sit down, Sir Jasper, sit down. (*Take chairs.*) You were not aware, perhaps, that my daughter has been long attached to her cousin Villiers ?

Sir Jas. I—no ; I had an idea of a—sort of a—*penchant*, on *his* part.

Col. C. Sir, I once favoured that attachment ; but now—listen to me : for I mean to be cool, sir, perfectly cool, while I inform you, that my nephew's a rascal, a scoundrel, a profligate, a hypocrite, a—a—but I won't be in a passion ; no, d—me if I'll be in a passion !— (*Much agitated.*)

Sir Jas. Villiers turned rake, by Jupiter!

(Aside: stifling a laugh.)

Col. C. So be confident of my good offices in your favour, Sir Jasper; but, for that young Beelzebub of wickedness!—

Sir Jas. Colonel, command my eternal gratitude. But, pray inform me, how has your nephew fallen under your displeasure? Has he been imprudent? extravagant?

Col. C. Sir Jasper, which do you suppose—of all the crimes that may debase a man—which do you suppose I look upon, from its utter meanness, as the most unworthy of *a man*?

Sir Jas. Why, Colonel, I should think, I should suppose, that is, I should conceive—really, I'm rather at a loss upon that subject.

Col. C. Deliberate Seduction!

Sir Jas. *(Pushes his chair to a distance from the Colonel.)* Eh!—um—indeed! What the deuce is he driving at? *(Aside.)*

Col. C. For, to my thinking, 'tis a compound of such vices, as the ingenuity of a worthless head only can devise, or the selfish cruelty of a callous heart can practise. At last, I've received intelligence of the unhappy Flora.

Sir Jas. The devil! Flora! *(Aside—rising.)*

Col. C. At last I've discovered her seducer.

(Rises.)

Sir Jas. What!

Col. C. And who, Sir Jasper, think you, but my

grave nephew—yes, he, sir, he—the gentle suitor to my daughter—'twould strangle me to speak it! She shall be yours, Sir Jasper, I say she shall be yours; my girl shall marry you, Sir Jasper—'twill punish the young villain as he deserves—Emmeline, again I say, Emmeline shall be yours.

Sir Jas. Dare to swear now I'm astonishment personified! (*Aside.*) Colonel, the surprise—the—the thanks, I should say, that—upon my soul, can't speak my feelings. But how, my dear Colonel, could you learn this?

Col. C. By letter, and from Flora.

Sir. Jas. From Flora! I am petrified! (*Aside.*)

Col. C. Yes, last evening only; but come, come, let 's to Emmeline immediately.

Sir Jas. Excuse me; I have business, business of importance, a short distance hence this morning. Shall return with all a lover's haste, assure Miss Choleric.

Col. C. Ay, ay, and prepare her to receive your addresses. Shall marry you, Sir Jasper—shall marry you! (*Enter a servant.*) Well, Sir?

Serv. An officer in the saloon, Sir, waits your leisure.

Col. C. An officer, Sir! what do you mean by an officer, Sir! what's the name of the officer, Sir?

Serv. I—I'll ask blind Thomas, Sir. Blind Thomas brought him here, Sir.

Col. C. Blind nonsense! go to the devil, Sir!—and hark ye, mind you say I'm coming directly,

Sir. (*Exit servant.*) Good morning to you, Sir Jasper. Depend on my exerting all my interest with Emmeline, Sir Jasper. [*Exit.*

Sir Jas. Whew! what a juncture of incidents! —another such attack, and good night, I fear, to my whole stock of fashionable assurance: I'm in a twitter still. What can Flora mean by this? must have some secret motive, positively: I can defer Miss Choleric's felicity, poor girl! just till I've discovered it:—'gad! I'll to my fair unfortunate immediately. [*Exit.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.

The Cross-road and Cottage, as in Act I. Scene I.

Enter Edmund.

Edm. How pleasing to the once doubtful lover, is the sweet certainty of being beloved! Delighted shall I now retrace my way, and carry in my breast that charming consciousness. While now, as I acquire my Alma-Mater's bays, the crown of all will be the kindling, the ennobling thought—my Emmeline is faithful!

Flora sings within the Cottage.

Ding, dong, dell, ding, dong, dell.

Edm. Surely some sweet enchantment *does* lurk around this spot. The song that Emmeline oft sang to me in childhood!

Flora—Recitative.

Edmund! Edmund!

Edm. Am I called?

Flora.

Ding, dong, dell, ding, dong, dell.

Edm. Some mystery attaches to that dwelling ; and, as time permits, I will e'en fathom it. (*Approaches the Cottage.*) The open door invites me. In! Edmund, in! doubtless whoever sings that song is friendly to thy Emmeline.

[*Exit into the Cottage.*]

SCENE II.

A Room in the Cottage, as in Act I. Scene 2.

Enter Flora.

Flo. Success! success!—Fanny! (*Calls softly without.—Enter Fanny.*) Show the gentleman who has just entered this way immediately. (*Exit Fanny.*) He will not recollect me? so little as he saw me at the Grove, so ignorant as he was of my soul's secret passion, 'tis not likely. Hist! he's here! an attitude!

[*Reclines on a chair languishingly.*]

Enter Edmund.

Edm. Your pardon, madam, but—Lovely by heaven!

[*Aside.*]

Flo. (*Rising with affected embarrassment.*) Sir!—this honour!—I was unprepared!—

Edm. Madam, my intrusion here—

Flo. Nay, Sir, it will not need excuse. You look weary: will you be seated? (*He seems to hesitate.*) Edmund!

[*Tenderly.*]

Edm. What may this mean? [Aside.

Flo. Astonishment will not make you forget your gallantry, I hope, Sir. You see I am standing; you are my guest; I cannot sit till you are seated.

Edm. Nay, then, I obey: (*Hands a chair to Flora, and seats himself.*) but, pray inform me, how have I the honour to be known to you?

Flo. What fair one, having *heard* of the all-accomplished Villiers, but panted to be personally acquainted with him? what female eye, but must instantly recognise the possessor of those reported attractions in the person of—Villiers himself—

Edm. Madam! There is a species of flattery to our sex, which, I had weakly thought, no female lips should give expression to.

Flo. Arrogant man! [Aside.

Edm. Forgive me. Permit me now to make the apologies I feel due to you, for my so sudden entrance here: (*Rises.*) for, certainly, I had no right to interpret the accidental mention of my name in the air you were just singing as a personal invitation to *me*.

Flo. (*Rises.*) O, Sir, surely not: but pray now no more apologies.—I'll try a snatch of that old song he loved from childhood. [Aside. *Sings.*

Come, and glossy pebbles bring
Where no sunbeams play;
And where the little busy spring
Low gurgles on its way:
Bring your shells and shiny ores,
Sea-weeds grey, and coral stores,

And, 'neath the shade,
Our grotto made,
We'll listen, listen to the bells'
Dear simple sound, that sinks and swells
Its ding dong dell, &c.
Sunbeams, silv'ring our retreat,
Sparkling in the rill,
Shall light our fairy-flitting feet
Around the grotto still.
Leaving then their moss-green bowers,
Sister-sylphs will dance the hours
So near, so near,
That we shall hear
Their steps trip to the dying bells'
Soft sinking sound, that faintly swells
Its ding dong dell, &c.

Edm. Heavens! how her notes stole on my
melting soul! what new pulsation thrills me?—
O, Emmeline! [*Aside.*

Enter Sir Jasper Jay, unobserved.

Lady! while I can command my will, I leave
you.

Flo. Edmund!

Sir Jas. Stay, Mr. Villiers!

Flo. Is it possible? [*Aside.*

Edm. Sir Jasper here!

Sir Jas. Sir Jasper is at home, Sir; this is
my house, Sir; though *Flora*, I conceive it pos-
sible, may have been most accustomed to receive
you, Sir. Have him there! (*Aside.*) This is not
y our *first* visit, I presume, Mr. Villiers?

Edm. Flora!

Flo. Yes, Flora, Sir; and since to Flora, it appears, you still prefer the faithless Emmeline——

Edm. Faithless! my Emmeline!

Flo. Faithless, proud youth! Mark me; *your* Emmeline is lost to you for ever! Sir Jasper, may I be informed to what strange accident I owe the honour of your company, of late so rare a favour, since your acquaintance with Miss Choleric?

Sir Jas. Vastly well, madam, vastly well, upon my honour, madam. (*Crosses to Flora.*) Of course, you—you don't *now* value my protection, madam?

Flo. Sir Jasper! would you dare—

Sir Jas. Yes, madam, I would dare, to tell you, madam, that as this house appears to be equally convenient for friends and self, madam, your absence here will for the future be more agreeable than your presence, madam.

Flo. Deprive me of a home! one course then only will remain; to turn the tables on this coxcomb, and trust the Colonel for my friend. (*Aside.*) Spoke you of protection, Sir? Then know, that your protection I disdain, and ever did, from him, whose vanity could think I loved—though, at the moment that his arts appeared to triumph, him and his arts I scorned! [*Exit.*]

Sir Jas. O yes, I see! Mr. Villiers—surprise, dignity, starts, et-cetera, and so forth: the lady—tragic effect: vastly well, vastly well. Sir, *I, I* am not thus to be deceived, Sir!

Edm. Have I so little known Sir Jasper Jay,

as to feel as much surprise on finding him the seducer of Flora, as of late to hear he was my insidious rival with Miss Choleric?

Sir Jas. Heroics! Won't dō with me, Sir, won't do with me. I feel myself an injured man, Sir: name your own time and place: I conceive you understand?

Edm. Are you so ignorant of the man, whose happiness you scrupled not, assassin-like, to stab at in the dark? whose life—in recompense shall I suppose—you would unblushingly assault at noon-day? Go, go. *[Passes him in contempt.*

Sir Jas. O! partly suspected as much. Won't you fight with me?

Edm. No, Sir Jasper Jay. *[Contemptuously.*

Sir Jas. Then I'll bluster. *(Aside.)* Why, zounds and the devil! Sir, and d—me, Sir, but I'll have satisfaction, Sir! Would you escape me? Would you be a coward, Sir?

Edm. Are you serious? *(Smiling)* But, even if you are, that imputation is but stale. Shame on the world! that bans for cowardice the man, who, duty-prompted, braves the reproach which cowards only fear. If weary of your life, Sir Jasper, e'en risk it honourably: not private quarrels, but a people's cause, should stir *the Soldier* to encounter death. What! shall *he* vaunt his fire-side courage, who, in pure foppery, in malice, or in pride, murders, or dies, alike regardless of his country's claims, his country's laws, his reason, and his God? I proceed to the Colonel's,

Sir; all seems not fair; but, while Emmeline still loves, no power on earth shall wrest her from me! *[Exit.*

Sir Jas. 'Pon my honour! But I should be speedy; or else he may reach the Grove before me. Which way will he take? O, the lover's path, no doubt—through the fields. The road for me: my elegant new curricule will be of service on this occasion, I declare! *[Exit.*

SCENE III.

The Library at Col. Choleric's, as before.

Enter Capt. O'Carolan.

C. O'C. The Colonel promised to attend me in the Library: and, to be sure, he welcomed me to this country-seat of his as cordially, as if the house had been born and bred in old Ireland itself. But, in my opinion now, these English country-seats are mighty troublesome contrivances: so many turnings and windings, ascendings and descendings—o'faith! a nate snug little cabin for me, where all the stories are upon the ground-floor.—Eh! who have we here?

Enter Buckskin.

Buck. Sir, your very humble. Know what's become of the host?—hasn't been visible, nor his daughter either, since breakfast, I understand.

C. O'C. A visitor, I suppose. (*Aside.*) Is it the Colonel you'd be inquiring for, Sir?

Buck. Yes, the Colonel—or Miss Choleric—or any-body, just to talk to: yourself even, if no objection. Who have I the honour to address?

C. O'C. Captain O'Carolan, Sir, at your service.

Buck. Captain O'Carolan! good name, very good name: Captain O'Carolan. Such a bore now being alone: dull as a single horse walking the course—a thing I *have* seen—at some country

racés. Make any stay at the Grove, Captain? well acquainted with the Colonel?

C. O'C. I believe, Sir, you may say that.

Buck. Known him years, Sir. One of the heartiest, merriest, good-humoured—Went to school with his nephew; rattling dog! just like his uncle: doesn't wear a sword, to be sure; and the old man, between you and I, though *he* does—was always too wise to be shot at.

C. O'C. Really!

Buck. To see how men may be deceived! Yes, yes, the Colonel's military, and, from his talk now, one would actually suppose he'd been at some foreign battle or other.

C. O'C. O' my conscience then I believed it.

Buck. Ay, I dare say you'd an idea that he'd fought, and bled, and—and all the rest of it, for his country, eh?

C. O'C. And has he not, Sir?

Buck. A word in your ear: never smelt powder!

C. O'C. Harkee, Sir. The first time I have the honour of conversing with a man, I always endeavour to leave an impression of my civility behind me. That being the case, I'd simply, on this occasion, be inquiring, whether or not you happen to have any inclination to quit this room in a whole skin?

Buck. Sir!

C. O'C. Because, if you have—by St. Patrick! I'd advise you to remove immediately.

Buck. Why, what the devil, Sir, do you mean by—

C. O'C. No more words! or, by the indignation of a soldier, returning to his country to hear a thing like thee daring to speak contemptuously of one of its bravest defenders—

Buck. Sir! Nay, but I assure you, Sir,—
Here's a predicament! [Aside.

C. O'C. Décamp, Sir! or I'll—

Buck. (*Going, returns*) But now, really Sir—
upon my honour, Sir—

C. O'C. Your honour! Begone, I say: the Colonel's roof, more even than your own insignificance, protects you.

Buck. Does it, Sir? Then, without a compliment, I'm under the highest obligations to his roof, certainly. [Exit.

C. O'C. This coxcomb should be brother to a score or two that I've before observed;—for, by the powers! there's a decent sprinkling of them in India too;—one that from sheer vanity, as it should seem, will always be pretending to a knowledge of every body and of every subject.—O, at last, the Colonel, and his daughter. Poor, pretty thing! she looks melancholy, faith!—though I'm told she's just going to be married.

Enter Col. Cholerick and Emmeline.

Col. C. Still my girl, still no objections to Sir Jasper, upon his own account.

Emm. I know so little of him, dearest father:

my cousin Edmund I had known so long!

[*In an under tone to the Colonel.*

C. O'C. Her cousin Edmund! [*Aside.*

Col. C. Emmeline! don't incense me! don't speak of Edmund.

Enter Sir Jasper Jay, hastily.

Sir Jas. Colonel—Miss Choleric—your most obedient.

[*Bows to Capt. O'Carolan.*

Col. C. Sir Jasper Jay—Captain O'Carolan—of the Artillery, Sir Jasper.

C. O'C. To be sure, then, Sir Jasper can make his approaches to Miss Choleric, without the assistance of a brother officer. Retreat's the word with me.

[*Exit.*

Sir Jas. Returned earlier than expected, perhaps?—Miss Choleric will do me the justice to attribute my speed to its proper motive?

Emm. Permit me to retire.

Col. C. Nonsense! We are soldiers, girl: come, answer candidly. You consent—say so at once now—you consent to make your father and this worthy gentleman both happy?

Emm. Could Sir Jasper indeed accept a heart, so weak, that still, spite of itself, it is but too devoted to another—could he accept of the esteem, which at a future time, upon our more intimate acquaintance, no doubt—but still without love—

Sir Jas. Love! (*Crosses to Emmeline.*) Excuse me, but—esteem—I think you said esteem. My dear Miss Choleric, in all modern attachments,

esteem is the very ne-plus-ultra of perfectibility : as well it may, when love, you know, is generally wanting. Try then, my dear madam, try if you can't esteem me *now* : when married, you will be happy of course ; and as to love—love, I suppose—love—I'm really something at a loss on that subject.

Emm. But would Sir Jasper forgive the wife, who might dare to be unhappy in his company ? Would he be content with cold and mournful sentiments of esteem alone, while the heart of her he loves—

Col. C. Emmeline !

Emm. Dear father ! you must hear me now, Sir Jasper must hear me. Before I irrevocably consent to an union in which my affections take no part—

Sir Jas. My dear Miss Choleric—oblige me—don't express yourself quite so strongly.

Emm. Will you then, sir, marry one, whom you may shortly follow to her grave ? Ere you do so, I must in conscience tell you all my weakness : my heart will strive to overcome itself, but it may perhaps—it may—break in the endeavour !

Col. C. Ay, girl, but my grave will be the first prepared, I see—by Edmund and by Emmeline !

Emm. O, father ! (*Gives her hand hurriedly to Sir Jasper*) Can you now *accept* my hand ?

Sir Jas. Can I ? Transports and ecstacies !

Col. C. Eh ! Sir Jasper ! dance, sing, laugh,

leap for joy, man. My dear, naughty, good, sweet Emmeline! (*Kisses her*) Appoint the day.

Emm. Father!

Col. C. Dance, dance, and sing! To-morrow! girl, to-morrow!—Nay, nay, no little affectations now. There, compose yourself; walk in the air; we'll join you. (*Exit Emmeline.*) My friend! (*Taking Sir Jasper's hand*) what want I with nephews now? Well, now I'm happy! and so cool, and so comfortable—as 'tis my nature to be—only the people about me will always be saying or doing something, on purpose to put me in a passion. And yet, that boy now, that graceless nephew of mine—(*Musingly*)—I remember well how he looked, pretty curly-headed rogue!—just four years old—the day that I first saw him. My poor sister left him to my care! He's a d——d scoundrel! but I once loved him.

Sir Jas. (*Affecting hesitation*) I—I'm really sorry—I beg pardon for just now mentioning a circumstance, that may seem perhaps—but, my dear sir, all is confirmed. I have seen Flora this morning, and, with her—Mr. Villiers!

Col. C. Flora! how? what? this morning!

Sir Jas. This morning, Colonel. Business, I informed you, would necessarily carry me a short distance from this place, and—in fact, had lost my road; enquired by chance at a house before unknown to me; saw a lady—you guess—Flora. My company, it immediately appeared, was as undesired as unexpected; a gentleman being there before me—Mr. Villiers—

Col. C. Zounds! and but last night he visited my daughter!

Sir Jas. Be calm, I entreat you, Colonel.

Col. C. Calm!—and proceeded from Emmeline to his mistress?

Sir Jas. As I conclude. Moderate your anger, my dear sir.

Col. C. Moderate a fiddlestick! Why, I'll—What passed between you, Sir Jasper? how did he behave?

Sir Jas. Why, I remonstrated with him, you'll observe, upon his conduct to Flora: exceedingly wrong of him to deceive the poor girl, you know; exceedingly wrong, now don't you think so? So upon that we quarrelled: *I* would have fought, but *he*—

Col. C. What! 'tis'nt possible! speak!

Sir Jas. Talked of appealing to you. You may expect him instantly.

Col. C. If he dares to come within reach of me, the poltroon!

Sir Jas. Let's seek Miss Choleric, Colonel: I'll tell you on our walk.

Col. C. A coward too! D——me, if I'll believe it.

Sir Jas. Colonel!

Col. C. Excuse me, sir; I'm an old man;—and when he was a boy—his noble courage! Well, come. A coward, Sir Jasper! a coward!

Sir Jas. I'll tell you all, Colonel. A coward, sir, a complete coward!

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Colonel Choleric's Park.

Enter Emmeline.

Emm. Alas! alas! on the brink of marriage then with one man, and the once-dear image of another, in spite of all my efforts, still rising up before me. But I think I've conquered all my love for him? yes; and if I should ever chance again to see him, my reproaches, I'm resolved, shall shew how little, very little now, he's in my thoughts, and how—O! of all things, for his conduct to poor Flora—I despise him. But I see my father, my betrothed lover too, approaching. Would they but let me wander by myself awhile!

Enter Edmund.

Edm. Emmeline! and alone! (*Advancing joyfully.*)

Emm. Ah! Edmund! you here! Fly, fly, for heaven's sake: my father, Sir Jasper, are coming: fly, fly, I entreat you.

Edm. Fly! you bid me fly! from my uncle! from Sir Jasper! you intreat me!

Emm. I do, I do. Sir, I command you, leave me; by my injuries, I command you.

Edm. Emmeline!

Emm. Edmund! Edmund! have some pity on

me. O! do not meet him—Sir Jasper—my husband!

Edm. Husband! do I hear?

Emm. Away, sir! I'll not listen to you.

Enter Colonel Cholerick, withheld by Sir Jasper.

Col. C. Let me come at him!

Sir Jas. Nay, my dear sir, pray, consult your dignity.

Edm. My uncle too! what? how?

Col. C. Rascal! Leave me, Sir Jasper; I'll command myself. (*Sir Jasper leaves him.*) Ah! thou young miracle of wickedness! thou ingrate! thou cool villain!

Edm. Emmeline! (*Passionately. She turns away.*) Disdain! Nay, then, false girl!

Col. C. False! How dare you, sir, address my daughter? False! you talk of falsehood! you! arch-deceiver! you!

Edm. But hear me, sir: uncle! parent! hear me. (*Kneels.*) Emmeline—ask her if she remembers one, whom once she said she loved; to whom she plighted her first vows; ask if she indeed remembers—(*Emmeline appears sinking; Sir Jasper approaches; Edmund, starting from his kneeling posture, rushes towards her.*) Nay, lean on me, my Emmeline. (*She leans on Sir Jasper's shoulder: Edmund turns away in anguish.*)

Emm. Lead me, lead me to the house, Sir Jasper. [*Exit with Sir Jasper.*]

Col. C. Boy! boy! with that smooth tongue; what! dumb to this?

Edm. Emmeline! where is Emmeline? Gone! and with Sir Jasper?—Is this some dreadful dream? Why do my uncle's lips, once breathing kindness only to the nephew who reveres him even as a father, why do they now load him with opprobrious epithets? Why, sir, do you call *me* ingrate? *me* villain? How have I forfeited your favour? how your daughter, sir?

Col. C. So warm at last, good nephew!

Edm. Pardon me. O, sting me as you will, still, as your nephew, Colonel Choleric, the orphan you adopted, once esteemed, ingrate I were, did not your former generosity yet, yet obliterate your present harsh, unjust resentment.

Col. C. Thou matchless hypocrite! Who was it, but last night, that meanly stole into his uncle's garden?

Edm. Ha!

Col. C. Again, sir; who was the person Sir Jasper, but this morning, saw with Flora?

Edm. Flora!

Col. C. Does that name move you, sir? does conscience work? Let conscience preach within you, then: let Sir Jasper again call you—coward! For once I feel too much contempt for anger: I leave you.

Edm. You shall not, Colonel Choleric!

Enter Captain O'Carolan, behind.

Col. C. Shall not!

Edm. By heaven! you shall not—till you hear

me. (*Kneels, and clasps Colonel C.'s hand.*) Again thus humbly do I implore you: but listen! I have some enemy!—(*Col. C. struggles to free himself.*) Nay, hear me! hear me!

Col. C. Hear thee, scorpion! Thus, thus I shake thee off—for ever!

Edm. (*Rises: staggers after Col. C.*) Have I twice knelt in vain to him? Some mist surrounds me. Sir Jasper! love Sir Jasper! did she say love him?—husband!

C. O'C. This should be the nephew, Edmund. (*Aside. Approaches.*) On the sincerity of a soldier, young gentleman, I'm much concerned for you.

Edm. Sir!

C. O'C. Nay, no offence, my dear boy. I'm an inmate of your uncle's just now, (*Edmund bows*) and would be taking the small liberty to say—faith! that the man might at least have listened to you.

Edm. I wish not to hear any reflections on my uncle, sir.

C. O'C. I like him. (*Aside.*) Then, sir, notwithstanding, as I'd guess, you're conceiving yourself unjustly treated by him, still, it appears—

Edm. I permit no one to make observations on his conduct to his nephew.

C. O'C. Stops my mouth, by the powers! (*Aside*) Sir, I respect you. You have a soldier's heart, though it happens not to beat under regimentals.

One word: I think you spoke of enemies. Here is an arm, that—

Edm. Sir, this unexpected courtesy but oppresses where it would serve. For my actions I am not used to need an advocate, nor for my protection an ally. You would oblige, by leaving me.

[*Captain O'Carolan retires a little.*]

Enter Sir Jasper Jay.

Sir Jasper again! then tell me by what arts thou, and that harpy, Flora—

Sir Jas. Be cool, Mr. Villiers. Had better get him away quietly, I think, for fear the truth should appear. (*Aside.*)

Edm. Cool! cool!

C. O'C. (*Advances.*) O, faith! Sir Jasper then is one of those same enemies. Well, gentlemen, as of course you—you will fight this out—

Sir Jas. Why, I have no wish to make things unpleasant to Mr. Villiers—if he thinks proper, well and good. But, as I have some reason to believe he is more partial to argument than fighting, perhaps he'll have the goodness to take my advice, and not farther press his company in a place where he must perceive it is rather disagreeable.

Edm. Traitorous coxcomb! (*Advancing in a threatening manner.*)

Sir Jas. Mr. Villiers! will you condescend to listen to me!

Edm. Listen! (*Contemptuously.*)

C. O'C. No, no, you are right, sir, (*to Edmund*) quite right, I think, really: no parley, no armistice, with rancour in your hearts. Sir Jasper, you see now you are the guest of my old friend: still, if this gentleman should be requesting me to be *his* second—

Enter Buckskin.

and this hero (*Buck. is retreating: he detains him*)—be asy, man!

Edm. Buckskin!

C. O'C. (*To Sir Jasper*) Will be yours.

Buck. I—actually, gentlemen—I don't understand.

C. O'C. Tut! never be frightened now: the principals only, I dare say, will have occasion to engage. Or, in case they shouldn't be able to conclude the matter satisfactorily, why, then perhaps, a little genteel bit of a turn between you and I—just to settle the affair, you know—

Buck. Why, sure, you're not going to fight, Jay, are you? If so, I—I wash my hands of the business; I'll go, and—

C. O'C. No, no, Sir, you'll stay; and if you can't be asy—do try now and be as asy as you possibly can.

Edm. (*To Capt. O'C.*) Really, Sir, your interference on this occasion is unnecessary. Though no duellist, I can defend myself, take a friend's part, or assert my own rights, whenever circumstances demand it of me. But when between my-

self and justice there stand but this poor pair of fops—

Sir Jas. (Advancing to him) Fops, Sir!

Buck. (Advancing) Fops, Sir!

Enter Col. Choleric, Emmeline leaning on his arm, and Flora following. Flora retires on entering.

Col. C. That's right! Knock 'em both down, Edmund! knock the puppies down, my boy! I've found it all out: huzza! huzza! knock 'em both down, I say, boy!

Sir Jas. Do you mean to insult me, Sir?

Col. C. This lady (*Brings Flora forward*) will inform you farther, Sir.

Flo. Sir Jasper, but for your unmanly conduct in depriving me, upon a pitiful pretence, of the only roof your falsehood had left in the wide world to shelter me, you had now reached the summit of your wishes: but your aggravated meanness thus punishes itself; and repenting, as I now do, the part I took in injuring that noble youth with his good uncle, I come to tear the mask that veils your vices from his view, and restore the happiness I for a time disturbed to all here who deserve it.

Sir Jas. Upon my honour!

Col. C. Stain not that word any longer, Sir Jasper, by your repeated misapplication of it. The pattern of true honour is before you, as I am proud to say, in my brave, worthy nephew; and, more, I now confess I see no honour, when a man

has injured you, in giving him the chance of putting you to death by way of compensation. You also, sir, (*To Buckskin*) I find, have practised on my credulity—

Buck. Sir, I'm really most excessively sorry, if—

Col. C. But you, sir, for words even are too contemptible. Leave us, coxcombs, both! and be grateful that you are spared the chastisement the arm of an old soldier would yet inflict, did he now think you worthy to excite his resentment.

Sir Jas. So, then, my friend Buckskin—you and I, Buckskin, eh?—shall we go, Buckskin?

C. O'C. 'Twill be the genteelest thing in life, it strikes me, gentlemen. Make yourselves wanting by all manner of means, and I'll answer for it you'll neither of you be missed.

Sir Jas. O, come along, then, my dear Buckskin—my dear fellow—come along, my dear Buckskin.

Buck. Certainly, to oblige the company, certainly. Come along, come along, my dear Sir Jasper.

[*Exit with Sir Jasper, arm in arm.*]

Col. C. And now, my boy! my noble boy! can you forgive your credulous old uncle?

Edm. Forgive! that word! O, say then am I still the nephew, who—

Col. C. My son! my son! as dear to me as my own Emmeline. There, take her; her love, I

know, is yours; and from this day her hand and fortune; yours now beyond the reach of malice; yours by a chance, that seems the hand of heaven!

[*Joins their hands.*

To the Audience.

And thus our joy's complete, if You approve
This union of *True* HONOUR with *True* LOVE.

[*Curtain falls.*

EPILOGUE*,

Spoken by Mrs. West and Mrs. Orger.

Enter Mrs. West.

Mrs. W. THE Epilogue I'm called upon to say—

Enter Mrs. Orger.

Bless me! I thought you *died*, Ma'am, in the Play!

Mrs. O. No, indeed, Ma'am! I think, believe me, too,
I have as good a right to speak as you.

Mrs. W. O, as you please—e'en have it as you will—

Mrs. O. Yes, certainly, for I am Flora still;
And still assert my right your plans to mar,
And plead my cause at this most noble bar.
Ladies and Gentlemen! I come before you,
To say—what was't to say?—O, to implore you,
Not for my sake to be o'erwhelmed with sorrow,
For, if you please, I'll die again to-morrow!

Mrs. W. Yes, gentle sirs! and I, for such a treasure
As my good coz, would wed again with pleasure!

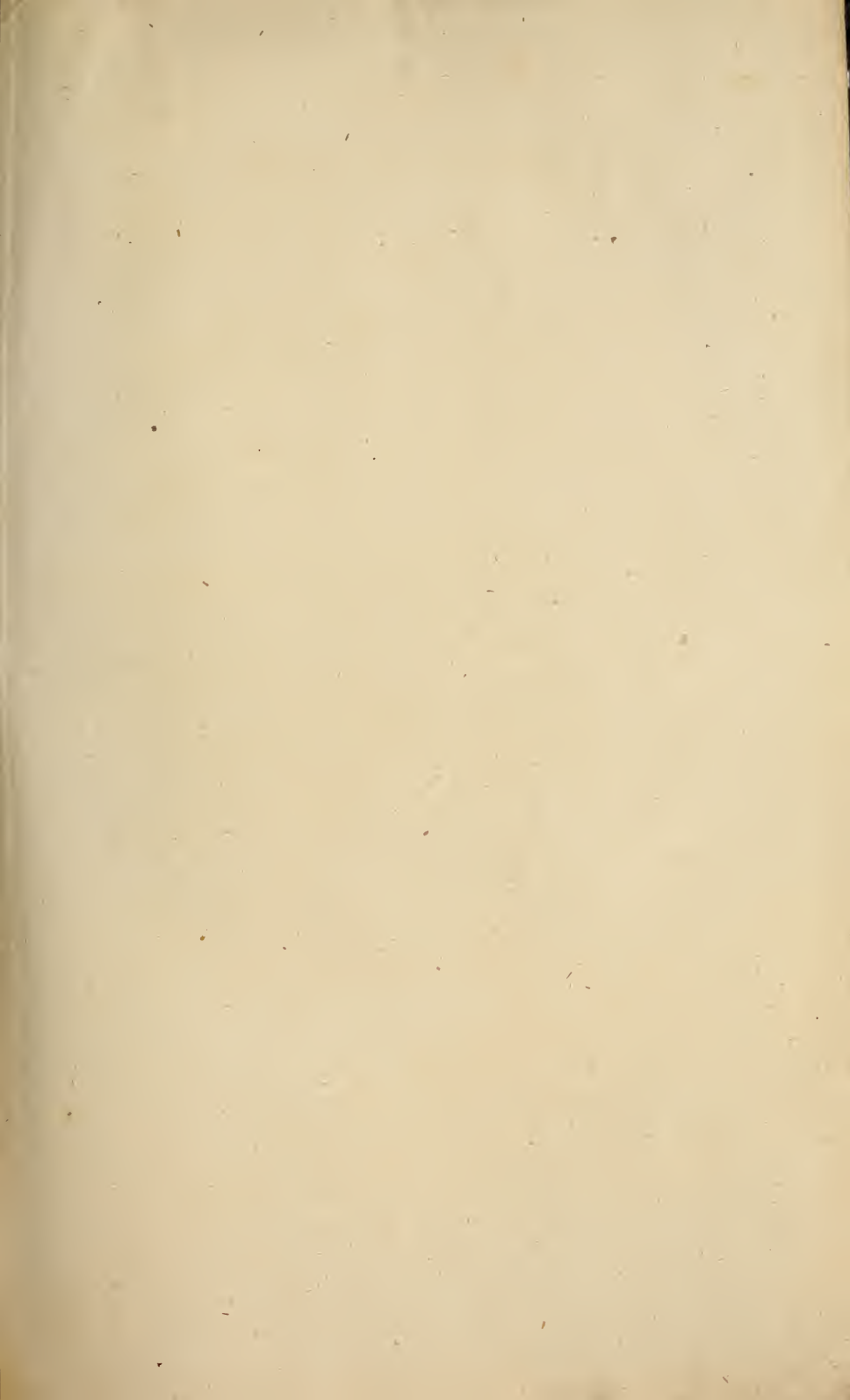
Mrs. O. So, Mistress Pert! nay, this is past endurance;
The *Manager* shall hear of your assurance:
And, for that saucy *Prompter*, though he knew
That you were here, and would be speaking too,
To tell me, with a melancholy phiz,
The bills announced me, and the folks would hiss,

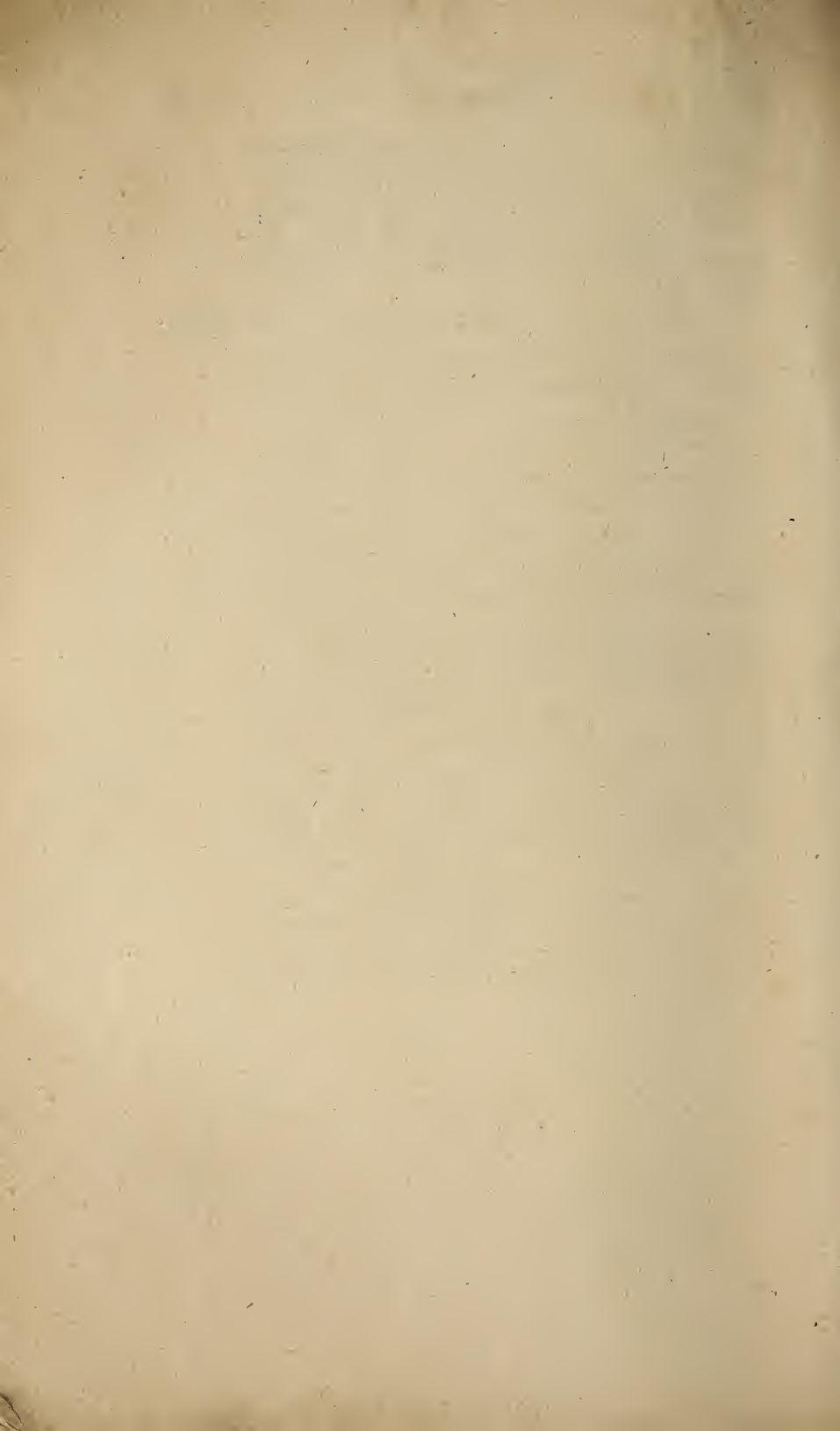
* Though this Epilogue does not apply to the piece in its present form, the narration of the incident on which it principally turns being omitted, yet, at the particular request of several friends, it is here printed from the original.

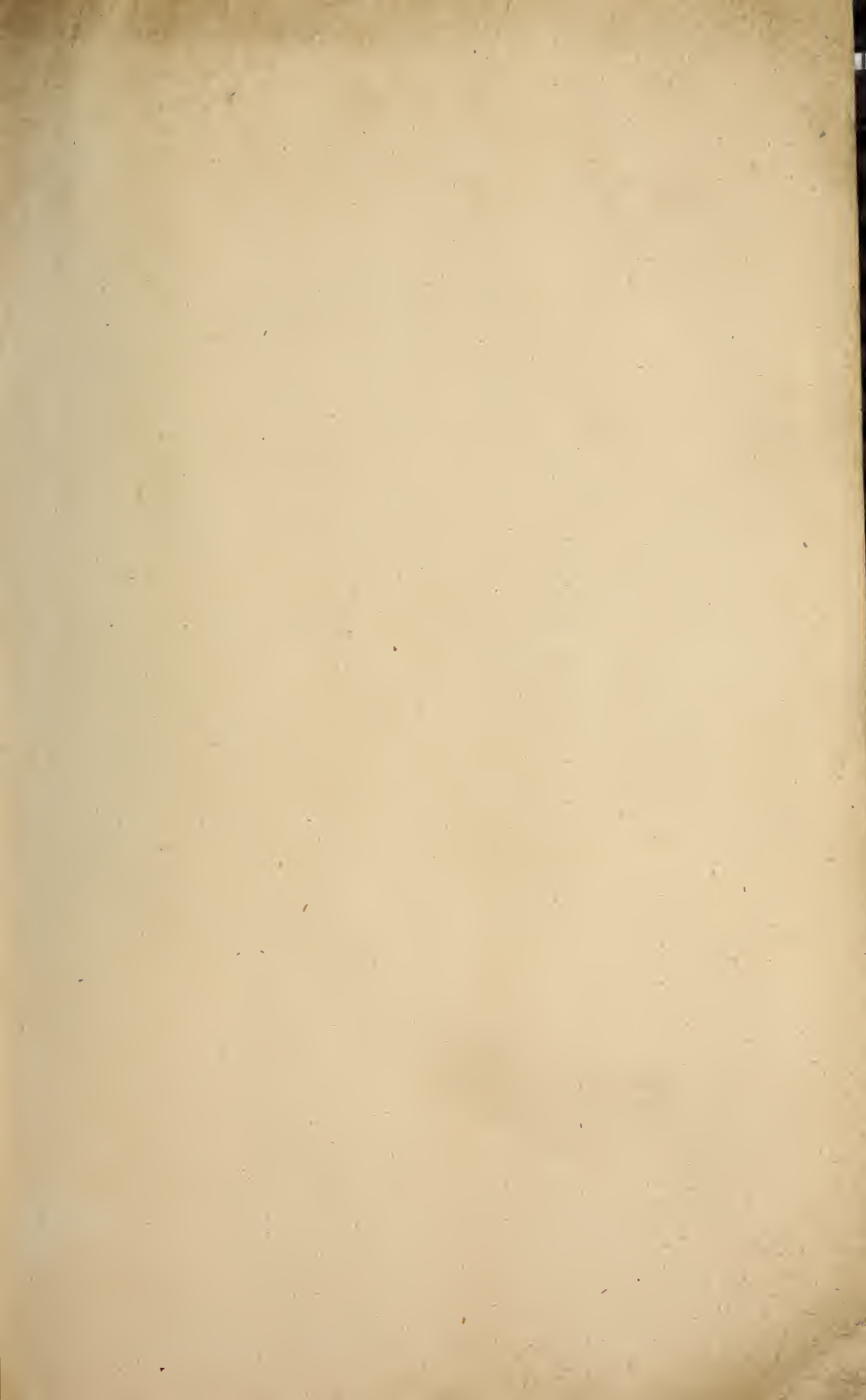
Although I were as dead as any log,
 Unless I rose to spout an epilogue—
 I'll rate him well—so speak on, 'twill not fret me;
 But, for your punishment, you shan't forget me;
 I'll Flora be—(*To the Audience*)—as often as you'll let
 me. [Exit.]

Mrs. W. 'Tis I, at last, must speak then for this poet :
 In truth I can't say much—perhaps you know it ;
 Gents ! if you're pleased, be kind enough to show it.
 And yet, thus much I'll say—it must have force—
 This play's—alas ! poor man !—his *Hobby-horse* !
Hobbies, he hears, are now the mode accounted,
 So, for nine nights at least, he hopes he's mounted.
 To-night he rode most timidly and slow,
 But, should you make his hobby-horse 'the go,'
 He'll cleave the air, and O ! how then he'll prize him !
 —Now don't you be so cruel to capsize him !
 But think, ye beaux ! how great would be the hardship,
 Should one of you—perhaps his dandy lordship—
 Be riding post elatedly some day,
 And a whole swarm of critics bar the way ;
 Fall foul upon the hobby, and his master,
 And, 'midst the hubbub of such sad disaster,
 Some say he rode too fast, some swear he should ride
 faster ;
 While horse and rider, in no gentle sort,
 Are prostrated, and flounder in the dirt !
 Then give the poet—to yourselves be true—
 But, if you can, give *him* his Hobby too.

FINIS.







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